I took the wog to lunch

at the Victoria Club. Members
don’t like it, but it’s the law.

Actually, everyone proved nice
save the supercilious wog
waiting us. At any rate, aim

of this odd tete-a-tete:
Wife had asked me

to stop his teaching
our kids how to swear.

Other way round, he insisted!
and my jaw dropped. They lie,

of course. I mention this
without emotion. It simply has
got to be a habit of mind

over centuries--not to give
a History lesson—and once
they can leave off

that, they’ll assimilate
to some degree. I’ll say no more.